

News Notes.

Silver ore has been discovered in the north part of Wayne county.

A monument has been erected at Northfield, Minn., to the memory of the hero Haywood, who stood at his post in the bank when the Northfield robbers were defeated in capturing the bank funds.

Several of the Philadelphia Building and Loan associations are in trouble through bad investments and the depreciation of values. These concerns have extended aid to men in moderate circumstances to buy homes of their own, and are a combination of savings banks and loan agencies. In the main they are regarded as honestly conducted and sound.

The second largest diamond ever found in South Africa has lately been discovered in the Dutoitspan fields. The stone weighs 944 carats. The Spalding diamond, which was found some years since, weighs 288 1-2 carats.

Barry Sullivan, the tragedian, is not without honors in the country of his ancestors, it not of his birth. He was entertained at a banquet recently in Dublin by the Mayor of the city and several members of the Parliament.

In the "Society of New Jerusalem" formal installations of ministers are unknown. When from one church a preacher goes to another, he merely shakes the hands of the people he leaves, and finds at the end of his journey other hands stretched out to him.

A Justice of the Peace in a Pennsylvania rural town married a couple the other day, and the groom asked him his terms after the knot was tied. "Well," said the Justice, "the code allows me \$2." "Then," said the young man, "there's a dollar; that will make you three."

If "sunshine is health," then Denver, Col., ought to be the healthiest place on the globe, according to an old resident who has kept a record of the days when the sun was visible, and who vouches for the fact that there has been unobscured sunshine on 365 consecutive days.

New York Star: We want a Democratic administration at Washington if only to teach Prince Bismarck that a naturalized citizen of the United States is entitled to the same immunity in the dominions of his majesty, the Emperor of Germany, that a native-borne citizen of the United States is, and that the Government will protect him in the assertion of that immunity, so help it, the immortal spirit of Andrew Jackson.

The Penniless Man.

Blessed is the man who is penniless, for he is never stricken—for a dollar. The deadhead annoys him not, neither is he pursued by the book agent. He is not grasped by the lightning-rod seller. The lunch fiend turneth away from him. The trinket vender passeth him by. He is not asked to invest in church lotteries. He hath no friends to "treat;" he is poor and hath no enemies. When he riseth in the morning his stomach is not rebellious from overfeeding, neither does he elude and say, "How shall I get rid of these dimes?" When he eateth he is not vexed by a multitude of dishes. His lands will never take unto them wings, neither will the fire devour his water lots.

He is not perplexed about taxes, neither careth he for the rise in lumber. He hath no ties for money, therefore, careth not to demoteize; nevertheless a dime will be not refuse, nor turn away from a five center. Yea, a gerkin will he relish, and storm the outworks of a steel-clad biscuit. He loveth none but himself; he is selfish; yea, fond of fish, clams and chowder, cysters raw and lobsters in vinegar will he not despise. He maketh his lair in a bar room; he squatteth on a keg while it is day, and sleepeth in a barrel at night. Where scent of whiskey is, there he is found; he snuffeth the lunch with frenzy, and crieth ha! ha! at the clink of glasses. He liveth like a ringtailed Mode, and dieth like a spotted Jehoshaphat.

The Adventures of a Fish-Hook.

A thoughtful housewife in New London Conn., started a fish hook on a strange round of adventures not long ago, and brought some people into curious juxtaposition as a result of her pains. Finding the hook among her husband's papers she thought best to destroy it, fearing it might wend its way into his fingers. Accordingly she threw it into the fire. The following morning her good husband, while patiently taking from the stove grate pieces of stone and partly burned coal that had accumulated there, suddenly found a fish hook in the fleshy part of his thumb. He called a surgeon and when the fish hook had been removed he put it in his waistcoat pocket, thinking to show it to his friends and neighbors. After breakfast he went out and while on the street met a colored woman who passed him with a high head and a rapid pace. The two people suddenly came to an embarrassing halt. The hook had found its way through the side of the coat and its point fastened itself into the waste of the jaunty maiden. This afforded great delight to the small boys who gathered to the spot from all directions. Releasing himself from the hook, the gentleman saw his whilom captive dash away from him and pass down the street. A policeman attempted to stop her, but before he succeeded in inducing her to return, he found the fish hook had lodged itself in the hollow of his hand. At this point the strange eventful history of a fish-hook draws to a close. The policeman found a surgeon to extract it from his bleeding hand, and then deposited it in the station-house to show to the public.

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Clean Journalism.

There is a growing sentiment in this community in favor of clean newspapers. This is as it should be. The newspaper is the public educator. It is the daily visitor and fireside companion of every intelligent household. Why should we not exact of it as chaste a tone and as good manners as we would of a personal visitor? What would be done with a person who should enter a refined family circle, and in the presence of women and children, commence detailing the particulars of some low scandal, or recounting the details of some disgusting crime, or repeating any matter of doubtful propriety? Such a person would naturally be shown the door. That is exactly in kind what should be done with the unclean newspaper—it should be shown the door—pitched into the grate,—and denied further admission to respectable fellowship until it mends its manners. The newspaper can not and should not be kept from the children. It should be so pure in tone as to raise no blush of shame on their innocent faces. It should never contain a line or word unfit for them to read. The public journal that comes nearest to this high standard will be the family newspaper of the future.—San Jose (Cal.) Mercury.

"Better Call Her a Woman."

Mr. Justice Neilson, of Brooklyn, told a lawyer in the court the other day that he would better call a woman who had been on the witness stand as a woman, and not a lady. "Better call her a woman," said the Justice, "God made a woman, but a lady is only a modern fixture in a fine dress." This is a sound doctrine, and comes appropriately from a bench of justice. There is no easier method of becoming confused as to what is legal and what is illegal, what is right and what is wrong, than the habitual misuse of words. "Theft" is a good word, because it does not disguise the moral character of the act which it describes; but "misappropriation" is a bad word, because its meaning is uncertain, and it conveys only a slight notion of the moral quality of the act which it stands for. It is not likely that any one will be made a thief by using the word "lady" for "women," but in nine cases out of ten the employment of the word "lady" is vulgar, and upon general principles the practice should be condemned as part of an inflated, extravagant and deceptive manner of speech.—New York Evening Post.

Cards and Croquet.

The Burlington Hawkeye says: One day this summer we rode fifty miles in a railway car, seated behind four men who were playing with those lawful playthings of the devil's cards. They played eucher until they got tired of it. They played a little seven up, pedro and occasionally a trifle of poker. We never heard a dispute. Their bursts of merriment occasionally at some unexpected play, repeatedly drew our eyes from our books. They never quarreled and never called hard names once. When we got out at the station we set at our window and watched a party of young men and maidens play croquet. In fifteen minutes we saw two people cheat successfully. We heard the one player who did not cheat accused of cheating five times. We heard four distinct bitter quarrels. We heard a beautiful young girl tell two lies, and a meek looking man three, finally we saw the young girl throw her mallet against the fence so hard it frightened a horse; the other young girl pounded her mallet so hard on the ground that it knocked the buds off an apple tree. They both banged into the house at the different doors and the two young men looked sheepish, and went off after a drink. Now, why is this? Isn't croquet a good moral game?

Love Affairs and Religion.

Mr. Bryant used to say that a gentleman should never talk of his love affairs or of his religion. So far as I know, he practiced as he preached. There was no subject which for many years appeared to occupy more of his thoughts than religion, none about which he seemed more willing to listen, but of his own religious experience he was singularly reticent. I do not remember to have ever heard him define his creed upon any point of theology or give utterance to a single dogma; neither do I believe such an utterance can be found in any of his writings, though so profound were his religious feeling and conviction that they found expression in a series of exquisite devotional hymns, which I trust may some day be given to the public. In matters of religion his modesty was as conspicuous as in everything else; he was never betrayed into citing his own example or his own opinions as an authority to any one else.—Hon. John Bigelow's Address.

Spring brings the blossoms. Autumn brings the fruit—and also serious colds, etc., for which nothing superior to Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has ever been offered to the public. It always cures.

Exaggerations.

The habit of exaggeration is one which rapidly grows into an untruth, it encouraged. Never "color" a story for the sake of a foolish jest, or to excite the laughter of a few companions at the expense of a friend. Be anxious, when you relate anything, to tell it just as it occurred. Never vary in the least degree. The reason why our ears are so often saluted by false reports is because people, in telling real things, add a little to them, and as they pass through a dozen mouths, the original stories are turned into something entirely different. So, when you attempt to tell anything that you have seen with your own eyes, relate it correctly in every particular, and, as you grow older, you will reap the advantages of this course.

The Romance of Death.

It is not a little singular that the Greeks have scarcely ever failed to make the deaths of their literary heroes as remarkable as their lives. Homer, they tell us, died of a broken heart, because he could not guess a riddle. As Horace had been warned by a watch that a chatterbox would be his death, so had Homer been warned by an oracle that he would be killed by a riddle. And his day came. Seeing—or rather hearing, for the tradition of his blindness is too universal to be discredited—some young fishermen in a boat he asked them what sport they had had. To which they replied, "As many as we caught, we left, as many as we could catch we carried with us." This was too much for the author of the Iliad. He guessed and guessed, till he could guess no longer, and finally died of sheer vexation. According to Gregory Nazianzen, Justin Martyr, and Eustathius, Aristotle went off in precisely the same way, because he could not understand a more interesting riddle set by nature, namely, the cause of the ebbing and flowing of the Euripus. "Since," he indignantly exclaimed, "I cannot conceive the Euripus, let the Euripus receive me." Diodorus, the ingenious inventor of the "horned" and "veiled" sophism, having met with his match in one Stilpo, who "caught" him with another sophism, which he was unable to solve, went home wrote a book about it, and died of despair.—Temple Bar.

The Pigeon Roost.

Such a scene as is presented at the great wild pigeon roost in the Indian territory, some fifty miles southwest of this city, is very uncommon, and has no equal anywhere in America. The "roost" includes a space of about forty acres in the timber, and when they return to the roost in the evening the trees are perfectly black with them. The Indians who own the land will not permit other parties to take advantage of the game, but hire men who sit at the roots of trees and shoot and throw clubs all night, and the next morning the ground is literally covered with pigeons, and they are gathered up, loaded into wagons and hauled to this city, where the Indians realize from 10 to 25 cents per dozen for them. During the day only now and then a pigeon can be seen in the vicinity of the roost, but they invariably return at night. Those who own the land say they have killed dozens of wagon loads this fall and still the number does not seem to diminish in the least, nor does the nightly slaughter seem to intimidate them.—From the Joplin News.

The phrase of dining with Duke Humphrey—i. e. going dinnerless—originated thus: In the old St. Paul's Cathedral, London, was a huge and conspicuous monument of Sir John Beauchamp, buried in 1368. This, by a vulgar error, came to be called the tomb of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, who was, in fact, buried at St. Albans, where his magnificent shrine may yet be seen. The middle aisle of the cathedral, or Paul's walk as it is called, was the most frequented public haunt in the town, and full of hungry loafers among the rest. Their practice of lounging about the tomb supposed to be Duke Humphrey's at dinner time, led to the expression.

CCCH HRRRII SSS TTT M M A A SSS
CCH HRRRII SSS TTT MM MM A A S S
CCH HRRRII SSS TTT MMMM A A S S
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Announcements for 1878-9.

Among the attractions for the coming year are the following:

"HAWORTH'S" a serial novel, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." The scene of Mrs. Burnett's new novel is laid in Lancashire; the hero is a young inventor of American birth. "Haworth's" is the longest story Mrs. Burnett has yet written. It will run through twelve numbers of the Monthly, beginning with November, 1878, and will be profusely illustrated.

FALCONBERG, a serial novel, by H. H. Boyesen, author of "Gunnar." "The Man who Lost his Name," &c. In this romance, the author graphically describes the peculiarities of Norse immigrant life in a Western settlement.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS, by George W. Cable, to be begun on the conclusion of "Falconberg." This story will exhibit the state of society in Creole Louisiana, about the years 1803-45, the time of the Cession, and a period bearing a remarkable likeness to the present Reconstruction period.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN POETS. This series (begun in August with the portrait of Bryant) will be continued, that of Longfellow appearing in November. These portraits (low appearing in November. These portraits are drawn from life by Wyatt Eaton and engraved by T. Cole. They will be printed separately on tinted paper, as frontispieces of four different numbers. Illustrated sketches of the lives of the poets will accompany these portraits.

STUDIES IN THE SIERRAS. A series of papers (mostly illustrated) by John Muir, the California naturalist. The most graphic and picturesque and, at the same time, exact and trustworthy studies of "The California Alps" that have yet been made. The series will sketch the California Passes, Lakes, Wind Storms and Forests.

A NEW VIEW OF BRAZIL. Mr. Herbert H. Smith, of Cornell University, a companion of the late Prof. Hartt, is now in Brazil with Mr. J. Wells Champney (the artist who accompanied Mr. Edward King in his tour through "The Great South"), preparing for SCRIBNER a series of papers on the present condition,—the cities, rivers and resources of the great empire of South America.

THE "JOHNNY REB" PAPERS, by an "ex-Confederate" soldier, will be among the rarest contributions to SCRIBNER during the coming year. They are written and illustrated by Mr. Allen C. Redwood, of Baltimore. The first of the series, "Johnny Reb at the Battle of Gettysburg," appears in the November number.

THE LEADING EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES. We are now having prepared, for SCRIBNER, articles on the leading Universities of Europe. They will be written by an American College Professor, Mr. H. H. Boyesen, of Cornell (author of "Falconberg," &c.) and will include sketches of the leading men in each of the most important Universities of Great Britain and the Continent.

Among the additional series of papers to appear may be mentioned those on How Shall We Spell (two papers by Prof. Lounsbury.) The New South, Lawn-Planting for Small Places (by Samuel Parsons, of Flushing), Canada of To-Day, American Art and Artists, Archaeology, Modern Inventors; also Papers of Travel, History, Physical Science, Studies in Literature, Political and Social Science, Stories, Poems; "Topics of the Time," by Dr. J. G. Holland; record of New Inventions and Mechanical Improvements; Papers on Education, Decoration, &c.; Book Reviews; fresh bits of Wit and Humor, &c., &c., &c.

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and wish to recover the same degree of health, strength, and energy as experienced in former years? Do any of the following symptoms or class of symptoms meet your diseased condition? Are you suffering from ill-health in any of its many and multifarious forms, consequent upon a lingering nervous, chronic or functional disease? Do you feel nervous, debilitated, fretful, timid, and lack the power of will and action? Are you subject to loss of memory, have spells of fainting, fullness of blood in the head, feel listless, moping, unfit for business or pleasure, and subject to fits of melancholy? Are your kidneys, stomach, or bowels, in a disordered condition? Do you suffer from rheumatism, neuralgia or aches and pains? Have you been indiscreet in early years and find yourself harassed with a multitude of gloomy symptoms? Restless nights, broken sleep, nightmare, dreams, palpitation of the heart, bashfulness, confusion of ideas, aversion to society, dizziness in the head, dimness of sight, pimples and blotches on the face and back, and other despondent symptoms? Thousands of young men, the middle-aged, and even the old, suffer from nervous and physical debility. Thousands of females, too, are broken down in health and spirits from disorders peculiar to their sex, and who, from false modesty or neglect prolong their sufferings. Why, then, further neglect a subject so productive of health and happiness when there is at hand a means of restoration?

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ICE GORGE.—There was an ice gorge above Glasgow yesterday two miles in length. The blockade is above the bridge, and does not interfere with the Chicago and Alton railroad business in any way. It was also reported that there was an ice gorge at Missouri City. Ice was running very thick in the river last night, and in the vicinity of the bridge it looked very much like there would be a gorge here this morning.—K. C. Journal.

A stunning Chinese funeral took place in this city yesterday afternoon, deceased having been a member of the Masonic order, as it exists among the Mongolians. An American brass band headed the procession, which was composed of Chinamen wearing badges and other decorations denoting their rank, while in a large covered vehicle that followed the hearse were seated a number of female musicians—a regular Chinese band, in fact. The instruments were fiddles, guitars, drums, cymbals and gongs. The noise made by the Celestiae musicians was such that after they came up and passed not another note from the American band was heard. They gave their late brother a goo send off. Behind the native band wagon came a wagon loaded with roast pig and all manner of good things eatable and drinkable to be left at the grave. Strips of paper pierced in three places with crescent-shaped holes in rows of five were strewn by thousands along the whole route of the procession. The Americans who crowded the line of march—outside barbarians—seemed to consider the whole thing a sort of farce, and rather a jolly affair. A bevy of Pinte squaws standing at the corner of C and Taylor streets laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks when the Chinese band came along. These simple children of the desert, "who see God in the clouds and hear him in the winds," doubtless put themselves outside of all the vials left at the grave of the defunct as soon as the shades of evening covered the hills.—Virginia Enterprise.

The Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, the Princess Alice of England, died at 7:30 last Saturday morning of diphtheria. The Grand Duchess was the third child, second daughter, of Queen Victoria. She was born April 15th, 1843. Her father, the late Prince Albert, died on Saturday, December 14th, 1861. The Princess was in a state of unconsciousness from 2:40 A. M., till the time of her death. She died at Darmstadt.

Forty thousand dollar fire at Montague, Mich. American Electrical Society in session at Chicago.

New discoveries of rich lead veins, at Leadville, Col.